

ORATION
DELIVERED BEFORE THE
CITY COUNCIL AND CITIZENS
OF BOSTON,
JULY 4, 1867,

BY

REV. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.



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CITY OF BOSTON.

In Board of Aldermen, July 8, 1867.

ORDERED: That the thanks of the City Council be presented to the Reverend George H. Hepworth for the eloquent and patriotic oration delivered by him before the City Government and the citizens of Boston on the ninety-first anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence; and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication.

Passed — sent down for concurrence.

CHAS. W. SLACK, *Chairman.*


In Common Council, July 11, 1867.

Concurred.

WESTON LEWIS, *President.*

Approved.

OTIS NORCROSS, *Mayor.*



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ORATION.

*Mr. Mayor, Gentlemen of the City Council, Friends
and Fellow-Citizens:*

The progress towards an ideal society and an ideal government which marks each new page of history gives the largest encouragement to the reformers of every age. We are moving so rapidly that the wildest dreams of the fanatic of to-day will become the commonplace realities of to-morrow, while the conservatism of to-day embodies all the ideas which the most hopeful theorist uttered yesterday. Each generation, bearing the world in its giant arms, toils bravely up the mountain side until it is worn and weary, then lifts its precious burden to the shoulders of the young and fresh generation that succeeds, and lies down to sleep. With every age the burden grows heavier and more precious, as mankind are freighted with larger responsibilities, with new philanthropies, and with higher duties, and with every age the strength to

bear it grows greater as men become more wise, more manly and more Christian. So, by slow degrees, we are ascending from successive slaveries to successive freedoms.

As the geographer, standing on the hither side of the Rocky Mountains, where the stream comes gurgling from the hidden reservoir, can watch that slender thread of limpid light as it finds its way through forest and plain, broadened and deepened ever and anon by kindred streams, until at last made omnipotent by the grand Missouri and the grander Ohio, it pours itself a resistless flood through the centre of a continent,—so, I take it, the historian standing on the hither side of the rocky summits of barbarism, and seeing the crude thought that is to shape itself into law, and control society, can watch that slender thread as it finds its way from age to age, increased here by the victories of war and there by the higher victories of peace, until at last, deepened and broadened into omnipotence by the Missouri of Revolution and the Ohio of Revelation, it pours itself through our century, bearing on its bosom the world's hopes after the higher law, and the thousand educational movements by which that law is to be reached.

And, gentlemen, it is at once cheering and

instructive to note the various stages of this great progressive movement. It increases our faith in man, and adds inspiration to every new reformatory movement, to watch the nations of the earth struggling through the darkness of barbarism, feudalism and every kind of oppression, led by the divine instinct which searches for the light of a larger liberty. It gives us a new strength for to-day's drudgery and toil to watch the gradual refinement of society, the constant sloughing off of old and useless customs, and the constant putting on of new usages which better fit the growing people.

The French were only children playing with the toys of national childhood, until Charlemagne taught them to put off the garments of barbarism, and to put on the robes and manners of civilized man. They did not grow to conscious national maturity until they were baptized in the blood of the Revolution of '93, and they will not achieve their manifest destiny until in another revolution they shall cast off the imperial burden that is held up by the points of half a million bayonets and learn to govern themselves. The English were little better than slaves until they won their freedom on the plain of Runnymede, and they did not grow to manhood until they had beheaded Charles I., and

proclaimed that no Stuart and no tyrant should ever make laws for a free people. That grand impulse which has driven them thus far will not let them rest until they strip the lawn from the Bishops in the House of Lords, and the parti-colored riband from the so-called nobility, and proclaim aloud that he alone is peasant who has a peasant's heart, and he alone is noble who has a princely soul.

America began its great work of reform in the seventeenth century. The dreams of the seers of ages began to crystallize themselves into realities when the keel of the Mayflower grated on the bar of Plymouth Harbor. The Colonists entered the high school of the new politics when the tocsin of war called them to the support of a government of men by men, and they graduated into the true manhood of the race when they planted their victorious banner on the top of Lookout Mountain, and proclaimed Liberty throughout all the land.

We have come to believe that this whole country is consecrated to the republican experiment. The magnificent valley between the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies is the crucible in which history will test the political possibilities of the race. Untrammelled by any of the traditions or usages of the old world, with no time-honored and

time-hardened social prejudices to overcome, with no longing after the pageantry of royalty, we feel ourselves to be a people wholly free, and standing on the very threshold of a work too large to measure, and almost too appalling to contemplate.

The blood in the veins of every European nationality runs sluggishly and timidly. Thrones have no stability; tyrants no power. The people have well-nigh outgrown their worm-eaten tradition that kings are ordained of God, and he who wields the sceptre with the arrogance of earlier times does it at the peril of his life. The continent that once held the person of royalty sacred now simply endures a king who knows that he not only governs but is in his turn governed. The blood in the veins of America, on the other hand, leaps through the ruddy channel of life with all the force and promise of youth. We believe that we have a special mission; that the whole country is ours from the warm gulf to the frigid zone, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and that here, fired with simple faith in educated men, we shall be able, without the aid of royal favor, to make our own laws, watch over our own interests, and write our own history. If the Old World interferes, either by that strange neutrality which refuses help to the loyal while it supplies arms to the

disloyal, or by sending a wretched debauchee to turn our flank in Mexico, we have but one word of warning,—Hands off; America is neither forgetful of her friends nor afraid of her foes.

By slow degrees our geographical limits are widening. Within a few years we have put our seal upon the golden mountains of California and the rich plains of Texas. Lately the magnificent territory of the extreme northwest has been bought. It cannot be many years before that people who have resisted tyranny with wonderful bravery, who have at last hedged in within a wall of sharp bayonets the usurper and the adventurer, will knock loud for entrance into the Home of the Free. It cannot be long before we shall have that narrow belt of land that lies on the banks of the St. Lawrence and the shore of the lakes. For two generations it has been the asylum of the heroic black man who refused to bear the stripes of the overseer, and the black woman who denied her body to the lust of her master; and now, by the wonderful progress of events, it offers itself a hospital to the sick at heart, those arrogant heroes whose “dreams have faded all at length,” and who find the air of free America too bracing for the slender life that remains after the fruitless struggle. Then, with the whole continent our own, we can march through the

ages, keeping step to the music of Justice, Morality, and Political Righteousness. Gentlemen, few nations have such heavy, glorious responsibilities as we. Republicanism is but just begun. It is a temple whose arching roof will sometime in the future offer its shelter and protection to the people of every clime. To-day, the poor of Europe may live content within the thatched cottage in political oblivion, while the favored and the wealthy sit beneath the gilded roof of power and shape laws to suit their tastes or caprices ; but the hour shall yet come, how far off in the distance it may be none can tell, when the great heart and strong arm of the people of every nationality shall decree that there shall be no king to live in a palace, and no citizen so lowly that he can have no voice in making the laws that govern him, but when all the people shall come together beneath the same roof to be ruled each by the whole and the whole by each.

Standing, then, as we do, at the beginning of a new era, looking forward with large hope to a peaceful and glorious future, it is well for us to come together on this mighty anniversary to measure our strength and confess our weakness. We acknowledge with due gratitude the constant and especial presence of that Providence which has led us along the weary road, guiding us in the day-

time by the pillar of cloud that rose from the battle-field, and in the night season by the pillar of flame that formed the bivouac-fires of the army of the Republic. We should be unworthy citizens if we failed to recognize the hidden Hand that has guarded us, or forgot to speak of it in the midst of our universal festivities.

The particular elements of our nationality to which I desire to call your special attention are, first, the Southern Element, its nature, and its probable influence on the future.

The South has never been a help to the cause of Republicanism. The one incendiary element in our government, the element of caste, it has stood in bold contrast to that levelling and democratic influence which has been the boast and pride of the North. With a territory almost unparalleled for richness of soil; with long mountain ranges containing in large abundance every mineral which adds to the wealth or strength of society; with a climate favorable to the finest specimens of physical and moral manhood; with broad rivers that run through every valley of the region; with noble forests to supply every domestic and commercial need; with agricultural possibilities that would rouse the ambition of almost any people,—with all this

in its favor, we are compelled to admit that the whole region is to-day practically unknown and undeveloped. The granite hills and sterile soil of New England, where niggardly nature gives only what she must, developed by the strong arm and active brain of freedom, have done more for the cause of civilization, more for the commercial welfare of the world, than all that vast territory that might have shaped the destinies, and controlled the government of the country. When, in the course of a few years, the political storm shall have subsided, and we come to explore and count the value of this region, we shall find a new argument against slavery, and a new cause for gratitude that we possess so rich a domain. The wealth that lies hidden in the rocky caverns of the Alleghanies and in the fastnesses of the Cumberland range, calling on the thrift and enterprise of the new generation of young men, is beyond all calculation. Carry to the South, and awaken in the South, the same foresight, energy, genius and inventive power that have subdued the soil of the North, and before those who are now in middle life shall have gone to their rest, we shall find that one of the richest and best parts of America lies between the Ohio and the Gulf.

But to-day we have more interest in the political aspect of that region. Everywhere is chaos, social anarchy, while our ears are every moment greeted with the roar of some brigand mob, or the cry of some half-murdered man or outraged woman. How much of this is the inevitable consequence of a great war I cannot say; how much might be avoided if the victors had only a fixed and determined policy, and an executive that dared to stand on the true republican idea and speak with the consciousness of having twenty millions of freemen behind him, I am unable to determine. This, however, I know; that mobs and murders are the ragged, blood-bedraggled fringes of the crimson garment of war. It is scarcely to be hoped that the tempest-tossed ocean will calm in a moment, or that the frenzy of the crushed and defeated will in a single hour calm itself into the propriety of the good citizen. If the North will only be true, there is nothing to fear. If we will not rush at once with only the greed for gain, into the selfishness of accumulation, forgetful and careless of the high political concerns of the country, the work of reconstruction, now so perplexing, will be as easy as the work of the sculptor who shapes the plastic clay. Too long already have we delayed. We

have lost headway by the "backing and filling" of our mere politicians. We have scarcely known what to do, or, if we have caught a glimpse of duty now and then, we have not had the moral courage to perform it.

If I know anything about the Southern people I know that all that is needed to insure perfect success in the great work before us is that we shall first know what to do and then proceed to do it. We have harmed our cause and stayed our progress more than can be told, by the exceeding unsteadiness of our political policy. To lift the flag for a while with loud huzzas, as though we intended to be exceedingly severe, and then to drop it out of regard to the feelings of the foe, is only to exhibit a weakness which costs us our self-respect, while it adds a battalion to the corps of the enemy. Nail the flag of your policy to the mast-head, and reconstruction will be easy.

There is in the South, to-day, a large party that will gladly co-operate with us. It is composed of that middle class that never had any heart in the war, that has reaped from it only financial ruin. These people hate the large land-owners as the small trader always hates the monopolist. For years they have seen that the cause

of secession was not their cause; that they had no other interest in it than that sad interest which the serf has in the victory of his lord; that the fight could only end in a continuance of servitude for themselves and their families. These are the men who congregate in the great centres to listen so eagerly to the words of orators from the North. A new life is opening to them. The gyves have dropped from their wrists, and they are for the first time catching a glimpse of republican America. They will form the grand Southern political party of the future. They are in the vanguard of the great army of reconstruction, and have bivouacked on their little farms, waiting to receive orders from headquarters where to march.

The politicians and the so-called aristocrats of the South, — those who were foremost in the councils of secession, — who were willing to risk their all for the re-establishment of slavery, deserve no pity from us. They risked and lost; let them suffer the full consequences of their guilt. With the poor, rebellion was a delusion; and a magnanimous victor can afford to forgive the deluded, if their delusion has been dispelled. With the educated and wealthy, secession was a crime, and we are not magnanimous, but weak and pusillanimous, if we

disregard it. By connecting no punishment with open disloyalty, we put a premium on political ambition for the future. Fifty years hence, when another dissension shall shake this country to its centre, when the reverberations of another civil war shall rouse the people to arms, bad men will look back to this hour when they reckon the probable cost of their venture. If they see that the people have attached the highest penalty to any assault upon the Government, they will hesitate long before they commit themselves to the uncertainties of a rebellion. But if, on looking back, they hear no word of warning from such times as these; if on reading the annals of America from '60 to '67, they find no record of any punishment whatever that stamps the adventurer with infamy; if they see that confiscated estates are all returned with a half apology on the part of the Government for having taken them at all; that a pardon is obtained for the asking; that the heroes of the rebellion are fêted by the people; that the very leader, when brought into Court, is set at liberty on a petty bail, and that even that is supplied by a chief of the party that conducted the war, and that there can be no surer or safer or nearer road to preferment than that which leads through a

rebellion, think you they will hesitate long before committing themselves to a cause which, if it fails utterly, leads to no disastrous consequences, and which, regarded only as a speculation, offers a thousand inducements to the daring? I tell you nay.

I cannot help feeling that one of the prominent weaknesses of a Republic is its forgetfulness of great offences and of great offenders. The ministers of justice track the criminal who has lifted his hand against a single life until his hiding-place is reached. They chain him to the dungeon floor; they summon the witnesses of the awful deed; they pronounce in solemn voice the sentence of death, and do not lose sight of him until the turf falls on his dead body. All this is right, because the welfare of society demands it. But, alas! when a monster criminal, urged only by personal ambition, aims at the political life of the whole community; when he seeks to turn the spirit of the age from freedom back to slavery; when he would raze to the ground the temple of our national prosperity, whose corner-stones were laid in the blood of the earlier Revolution, and every granite block in whose walls is a memento of some desolated home, Justice uses no harsher phrase than

when she calls him "the most colossal character of the times," and Punishment performs no severer duty than when she bids him retire to the banks of the St. Lawrence to spend the gold which his foresight has supplied.

Ah! gentlemen, I am not cruel. I do not like to look even upon the merited punishment of a bad man. But this I say: There is one man too many in America. Yonder, in every State south of the Ohio, slumber the brave defenders of the flag. The plough of the husbandman grates in the soil above their beds; there is no headstone to tell where they sleep; they are remembered only in the sighs of aching hearts throughout the North; their only requiem is the perpetual moaning of the wind through the cypress boughs. America, ever busy and eager, filled with the hope of the morrow more than with the memory of any past, holds the great offender, the man who stood at the head of the organized rebellion and cheered his soldiers to their bloody work, within her fortress walls. The people cry out for justice with thunder tones that echo from the Pacific shore to the Atlantic slope. But policy or cowardice, I know not which, finds excuse for delay, and by slow degrees the people's cry grows fainter and fainter, until at last

when the prisoner is released, scarcely a ripple of surprise or interest ruffles the surface of the nation's daily life. Posterity shall read this terrible sentence, written on the bloody page of our time : A Republic attaches no penalty to a great crime. Only petty guilt is punished ; while colossal crime finds an apologist, if not an eulogist, and holds its court in Canada. God grant it may not be the seed-corn of another rebellion.

But, in looking at the population of the Southern States, and trying to fix their place and value in the future of America, we cannot afford to be unmindful of the four millions of men and women whose history is full of romance, moral courage and faith. Claiming our admiration for their unwavering loyalty to the flag during the darkest days of the war, when their very ignorance seemed illumined by the strange light of the dim hope of liberty, as their masters' culture was darkened by the gloomy frenzy of Slavery, and claiming also our respect for the heroic way in which they received the divine right to be free, we may safely prophesy that they will do us no dishonor in any of the trying days to come. The men, whatever their color, who could meet together at midnight, after a hard day's labor, in the middle of the swamp, with

the lash and the bloodhound as the probable penalty, and pray for the victorious oncoming of an army concerning which they knew nothing except through the lying lips of their owners and the revealing instincts of their own hearts, are as worthy of our confidence, and will become as trusty elements of the Republic, as any class or clique in the South that has outlived the rebellion. The natural allies of Liberty are always those who have chafed in their chains. Prejudice aside, I would rather trust with the solemn responsibility of a vote the rank and file of those heroes who charged at Port Hudson, conscious that they were marching into the Valley of Death, but doing it with the courage of Thermopylæ, and with the hope to stem the tide of Southern falsehood and Northern prejudice, than the most cultured politicians of Richmond, who, having the power, have degraded it to personal ambition, even though it involve Gettysburg and Andersonville. Ignorance and principle are weightier than refinement and disloyalty.

No country presents so sublime a spectacle as ours. A whole race is uplifting its hands, and asking for the knowledge how to live. Catching a glimpse of the glory of the great Republic of which they have suddenly become a part, conscious of all the obstacles

which impede their progress towards that education which is to mould them into reliable citizens, with a past behind them of romantic devotion and unswerving loyalty, they only ask that we will protect them by our laws in their rights as workmen, as traders, as merchants, as fathers and as husbands, promising in return to stand by our side in all the great political and social struggles of the future. It is little enough to ask ; it is a small boon to be granted by a noble people.

And the contrast between them and others to whom we grant every political privilege is not so striking as we think. The great West is full of loyal men who have no other education save that they have got on the prairies and among their herds. Europe pours her tens of thousands every year into the territories beyond the Mississippi. Many of them are men who are as innocent of the use of the pen and the spelling-book as the humblest black man ; but they learn enough from the atmosphere of the country, and from the thousand acres which they till, to join the political army of the Republic, and denounce by their votes the recreant senator and the disloyal president. They know liberty from slavery, not by the distinctions which are made in the dictionary, but by the practical differences evident in society. You may not call it scholarship, but it is wisdom ; it is knowledge acquired by actual experiment ;

and such a man can be trusted more safely than the most elegant wire-puller of the land. So with the black man who knows not how to spell the word slavery, but who has felt its chains and submitted to its lash. He knows the Confederate from the Union army to-day as well as he did in '63. Listen! in Atlanta the slave owner is speaking. It is a strange sight to see him pleading with the men whom he would have driven like sheep a few years ago. But to-day he is no more man than they; and, if you measure manhood as you ought, not so much. How insinuating is his eloquence! He has boasted that only the man who has lived with the blacks can talk to them with any effect; that they will have more confidence in their former masters than in any gentleman from the North; that they will inevitably, from the force of habit and the real love they bear them, vote for the old overseers. Such a picture of patriarchal life is painted, such tender ties of affection between the whipper and the whipped are said to exist, that we should expect the whole assemblage to vote with unanimous force for the dear old master, who smiles on his former slaves so benignantly, and so politely asks for their influence in the name of the sweet memories of auld lang syne. But poor, ignorant, degraded as they are, they are too cunning to be cheated by promises, and too clever to be eloquently cajoled out

of their rights. As the chilling snow-flakes fall, so fall his specious words. The audience is unmoved: The speaker sees that he is speaking to a whirlwind, and is not heeded. He puts his smile from off his lips, fills his face with the old look of the master and his mouth with insolence and obscenity, and Richard is himself again. I tell you, gentlemen, the colored people of the South are better citizens of the Republic than the wily orator who addresses them thus.

Let America do them justice, and a great reward will be hers. Give them, under proper restrictions, the same restrictions which apply to their white neighbors, the right to vote, thus rewarding the black soldier for his loyalty to the flag, and clothing the humblest with a responsibility which will rouse his ambition and stir within him a longing after education, and you will reap the fruit of your justice in a phalanx that will constitute itself the wall of your defence in any coming struggle. Confiscate enough of the disloyal territory to ensure each loyal man his forty acres for a homestead; give him land of his own under his feet, and the flag of America over his head, and you have nothing to fear. If any voice comes from the great sacrifices of six bloody years, it says, Secure the safety of the Government beyond a peradven-

ture, and reward those who have been true, from the treasury of those who have been false. The sentiment of mankind will defend such a policy of severity, and the next generation of black men will repay our justice by a million votes for Liberty. If we are reckless enough to be unjust, we deserve to fall; if we have the courage to be just, we shall live forever.

I turn now to the brief consideration of the second element of our nationality, — the Western. No Eastern man can appreciate the vastness and the importance of the Great West unless he has travelled over its boundless prairies, and looked upon the rushing, seething torrent of its commercial life. One is appalled at the contemplation of its immense territory. Single States cover an area larger than the whole of New England. Huge lines of railroad stretch westward from Chicago for more than a thousand miles; the mines of Lake Superior, exhaustless, hold in their earthen embrace mineral wealth that startles the world; coal beds underlie the rich soil everywhere, a great reservoir of power waiting to be applied to the work of civilization; broad acres, whose agricultural possibilities defy our power of reckoning, stretch far beyond your straining vision; and above

all a population restless, ambitious, and in the full vigor of early manhood, demand our enthusiastic admiration. These characteristics point to a future whose magnitude will accord with the miracles already achieved. Not always obeying the scriptural injunction, not to think more highly of themselves than they ought to think ; believing with a friendly kind of sincerity, a sincerity that looks pityingly on all the inhabitants of the earth who do not live in the West, that if there is a pivot on which the whole world swings it is somewhere within a few hours' ride of Chicago or St. Louis ; they yet do exhibit a vigor, a commercial heroism, a willingness to undertake new and great projects which no other part of this country presents.

In the war they 'discovered their political policy, to save the whole country, and to make and keep the whole a free country. Their brave boys are under the sod of every battle-field ; their brave women, true Spartans, tilled the soil, drove the herds, reaped the harvests, sold the produce, invested the capital, and made us proud to believe that in America, when the great emergency comes, our women claim the right to do our work, sometimes with hearts aching towards the field of strife,

while we are dressing into line, or fighting for the grand future.

The political importance of the West cannot be overstated. It already wields a large part of the republican power of the country, and it will not be many years before we shall look to the millions near the Mississippi to crystallize into laws the hopes and aspirations which freighted the Mayflower. The South has as yet shown no political characteristics. There is no party there whose principles can be reckoned as forces for the future. The ideas of the people are chaotic. We believe that by the introduction of Northern educational institutions they will sometime grow into that radical love of liberty which is to be the bulwark of the nation; but to-day we are not sure of their future. The States that lie between the James River, the Hudson River and the great Illinois prairies are full of political theories unsound and unsafe. Too timid to confirm by law whatever is right in morals, too much bound by commercial interests to be radical in their thinking and voting, loaded down with the debris of that kind of democracy which thought twice before it struck a blow for the tottering government, it will for a long while stand neutral in the great political contests that are

coming. But the Far West, with its large farms and its large-hearted men and women, its immense number of Germans and Scandinavians, who bring with them to their homes the fresh, beautiful love of liberty which compelled them to leave the old world, if we can only plant in its midst the school-houses and churches, the lyceums and the presses which have been the moulding influences of the East, can always be relied upon to stand firm for that justice between man and man, and for those rights and privileges which enable the poorest born to reach and hold the highest office within the people's gift. Nothing is more evident than this, that New England and the West will write the next page of American history.

I believe this, because the West is growing more rapidly than any other part of the country. The tens of thousands who emigrate from the poverty of the old to the hopes of the new world, anxious to build a home at once, naturally gravitate to that vast territory which belongs to any one who can level the forest and till the soil. They are a hardy class of men and women. Full of health and vigor and ambition, they somehow get into the spirit of the age at once, and so, by means of the ploughs, rakes, reaping and threshing machines,

conceived by the genius and made by the skill of Eastern men, they are marching along the highway of industry to social position, patriotism and wealth. What a transformation from their surroundings in Europe! There they were only serfs, crushed into sloth or indifference by the leaden weight of a public opinion that frowned upon all attempts to rise. They walked along the narrow path which had been trodden by their fathers, and their children had no higher hope than they. The mere drudges of society, they chafed against the chains that held them, and at last found liberty and hope for themselves and their little ones in the midst of the great prairies of the West.

So in a few years the log huts on the river's bank have disappeared and the thrifty, busy town builds its school-houses and its churches to attest its earnest and its hopeful work. The little village on the edge of the lake through which a quarter of a century ago a loaded team could scarcely find a safe passage, has become a huge and commanding city, claiming the admiration of the world, and built, not like St. Petersburg, by the command of an imperious and obstinate king, but by the royal will and generosity of a free and ambitious people.

If with this immense commercial vigor which

attracts the young men of the whole country there shall be interwoven the true spirit of republican society and government; if a true radicalism in politics, the radicalism which knows no local issues, which recognizes no geographical lines, but loves the whole country from ocean to ocean and from Gulf to Lakes, shall keep pace with this magnificent and rapid progress; and if, above all, a spirit of justice, morality and pure religion shall crown the increasing power of the glorious West; if she will only hew the corner-stones of her temples of religion, art and commerce out of our own Plymouth Rock, we will not envy her her greatness, but give her, and the tens of thousands of our New-England boys who are her sinew and her strength, our hearty God-speed, proud to believe that when a dozen generations shall have passed away, and her ten millions have become an hundred, the dear old flag, hallowed by the sacred memories of two great struggles, will stand for the same liberty and the same republican justice between all classes of which it is the type to-day. Brethren of the West, we strike palms with you. New England greets you on this anniversary. We see the glory that awaits you. We believe that the tide of humanity, that has already swept five

hundred miles beyond the Father of Waters, will keep its onward course until it grazes its herds on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. We can already hear the wind vibrating the Eolian wire that flashes our smiles and tears, our hopes and fears, to the Pacific shore; and we can almost hear the rattling of the train that starts from a Boston depot, that winds through eastern farms, and that strings all the great cities of the North upon the same line of light and love, waking the echoes in the city by the Golden Gate. Let us always stand together, and in our greatness let us never forget that that government alone is lasting that knows the right and has the moral courage to brand all traitors with infamy, and defend all manhood in every class and of every color.

And now, gentlemen, what shall I say—what can I say—of the New-England element of our American nationality? It is always with pride that we contemplate the character of that influence which comes from our educational institutions and our political principles, and which is doing so much to temper and give tone to the public opinion of the whole country. Surely, it is not merely in a boastful mood that we look on the long and glorious vista behind us, and feel every nerve tingle in glad

thanksgiving that we are the sons of noble sires. The grandeur of New England lies in the fact, that in every political and military struggle, the end has been the advocacy of some higher political principle, or the demand for a larger charity and a wider freedom. New England, in the history of the nineteenth century, with her common schools in every street, in every village and hamlet—with her thousand presses that scatter the daily news over every hill and valley; with her white spires rising from every spot where an hundred sturdy farmers build their huts—stands as the type of the foremost thought and hope of human progress. She began her career when the *Mayflower* cast anchor, freighted with that precious heroism which the Old World could ill spare, but which laid the corner-stone of the New World in ecclesiastical freedom. She was true to her birth-right when she dared to spill a brother's blood on the field of Lexington, crying out with Roman courage: Not that I love England less, but that I love freedom more. She was not unworthy of her ancestry when in the last struggle she lifted up her voice before the smoke of the first battle had rolled away, demanding, in the name of the national sacrifice about to be placed upon the bloody altar

of war, universal liberty and the civil rights of all classes. And to-day, as in no other part of the country, radical thought, that seeks to destroy our prejudices, social and political, that advocates the plain rights of man or woman, finds in our midst a welcome and a hearing. It is our boast and pride that we fear nothing except ignorance and caste. We have built our power out of a knowledge how to read and think ; we believe in nothing so much as in the school-book ; we have no hope for the future except that which comes from the school-house ; we place the most implicit trust in an educated public opinion, and we believe that a man's title to nobility should be sought for in his brain and heart, and not in the color of his skin.

That public opinion is our bulwark and our strength. It is not swayed by passion ; it is not carried too far by a popular favorite. It looked with unmixed admiration upon Sherman as he swept like a tornado from the mountains to the sea, tearing up secession by the roots ; but when the hero, for a moment only, doffed his purple and put on the cap and bells, it stood still in mute astonishment and regret, and not a single shout was heard for one who could have the whole of our love while he was just, but who was met by the

people's frown the very moment he stepped beyond the general into the politician.

A Parisian crowd follows its leader anywhere. It has no aim, no policy, no goal. Admiring only the brilliancy of heroic deeds, it is often led by this will-o'-the-wisp into anarchy and chaos. The New England people admire and applaud only the man who represents them, who is doing brave work for them and for their children, and whose heroism results in larger rights. And so we have idealized the man who was our President, not because he was a president, but because he was an honest man. As the ancient Greeks lifted their mighty heroes into demi-gods, and soon forgot that they had ever been human, with sharp idiosyncrasies and unpleasant peculiarities, so have the American people lifted up their martyr-chief, Abraham Lincoln, so high that we shall never again see his awkwardness, his coarseness, but only his truthfulness, his moral courage, his calm sagacity, and his fidelity to the great purpose of the blood-stained hour. And, in like fashion, we turn away in sadness, if not in indignation, from that man, whether he be President, Secretary of State, or Attorney-General, who tampers with the plain rights of the loyal, and

coquets with what is disloyal. We respect no one except the man who is in the right, and who shows it by throwing his political influence into the same scale that holds the memory of half a million dead or maimed soldiers. Your education, your history, culminates at that point. It is your divine right, it is a duty you owe to the past, to the present and to the great future, to turn aside from him, from them, from all, whatever badge of office they wear, who are recreant to the people's will.

And so, to-day, looking on the struggle between the Executive on the one hand, honest or dishonest, who has forgiven the arch-traitor, who will hang his meanest subordinate when the disgusting details have all been told, who vetoed the Military Bill because it gave unlimited and despotic power into the hands of subordinate officials, and who now removes those officials on the ground that they have no power whatever except to disperse mobs and quell disturbances, who does not, and who does not intend to accord with the will of the glorious dead, or the will of the living who gave their all for Liberty; and on the other hand, a simple Major-General who does not know how to pull the wires of political preferment, who knows only his plain and simple duty, to remove all rebels from office,

and to put in their places loyal and trustworthy men, and who does that duty with a singleness of purpose and a moral courage that stamps him a true hero in every fibre, I say, in that great struggle, the people care absolutely nothing for the prestige of the sceptre which the one man wields, and do not regard the weakness of the other; but, looking only at the righteousness of the cause, cry out with one voice, and that a voice of thunder, Mr. President, you are wrong, and you must yield, and General Sheridan, hero of a hundred fights, you are right, and we will sustain you.

New England has always held her place in the van of the great array of progress. While rebellion was being organized, and all through its short, convulsive life, it bestowed its heartiest anathemas upon us; but now that rebellion is dead, the people of the South are beginning to feel that the most permanent reconstruction demands the adoption of the self-same radical thoughts and principles which grew and flourished only on New-England soil. That love of liberty which has been cherished among our hills for two generations, which the South has vainly combated both on the floors of Congress by word and bludgeon, and on the battle-field by sword and starvation, has at last become the corner-stone of the new edifice, and not only the

common people but even the generals of the disbanded army are uniting their efforts to lift it into place. It cannot be many months before the lines of caste, and the prejudice of color will give way to the oncoming civilization, and South Carolina and Massachusetts, united in the beginning in defence of a common cause, separated for three generations by the most implacable differences of policy and administration, shall strike palms again to carry on the same cause which gave us the heroism of the last century. And gentlemen, we can to-day remember with becoming pride that from the first hour when the old bell in Independence Hall sent its ominous but glorious echoes along our granite hills to this very moment, the course of New England has been single and consistent. Liberty and justice was the cry which then woke the patriotism of our fathers; liberty and justice called their sons to arms in 1860, and the love of liberty and justice constitute the grandeur of New-England manhood and womanhood to-day. Our course has been straight on. Other States, moved by a different policy, made a long and sad detour from the highway of true republicanism, trusting to the fallacies of State rights, slavery and caste, and after wandering for ninety years, insisting all the while that their path was the only road to

national strength and glory, growing weaker every day, and every day more insolent and reckless, answering all questions with the knife or the pistol, they have at last laid the whole pile of slavery's chains aside, and come back to our path to confess that there can be no permanent greatness and no enduring strength except under the principles which have always been the crown and glory of New England. Ah, gentlemen, it is no common victory which we have won! It is nothing less than the triumph of free speech, free thought throughout the continent, the adoption everywhere in America of those truths that have always been so dear to us. Hereafter the flag shall mean more than ever. The stain has been washed out in tears and blood; a new era has begun; the gray streaks of another and a better political day are breaking through the clouds; slavery is dead, freedom has been crystallized into law; justice has become a possibility, and the ark of our national covenant, held up in the arms of the largest-hearted heroism and patriotism the world has yet seen, has been carried safely through the sea of blood, and placed in security upon the eternal rock of a triumphant republicanism.

Fellow-citizens, I congratulate you upon the

achievements of the past, and the transcendent hopes of the future. Let us look forward to the hour, not distant, when all the people of this country shall be bound more closely than ever before by a common interest and purpose. Our brethren of the South, redeemed from the fatal error of three generations, shall till the rich soil with free hands, and confess that labor urged by the whip can never compete with that earnest and ambitious toil which always marks the freeman. Our brethren of the West, hardy, sturdy, brave and true, shall educate the millions who find a home in the great prairies, and develop the marvellous resources of a region richer than our thought or hope, and New England, God grant it, shall keep her place at the head of every progressive and reformatory movement. Then we shall be one people from the shores washed by the Atlantic, to the western slope where the mild Pacific sings its lullaby to the setting sun; and from the lakes of the North to the warm gulf of the South, while over us shall wave the flag that means Liberty and Justice for all.

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